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OUR LITTLE ONE!

BOSTON
GOULD & LINCOLN
59 WASHINGTON ST.

W. L. CHAMBERLAIN DEL.

MATTHEW ROBINSON SC.

This is a detailed, ornate advertisement for Boston Gould & Lincoln. The central focus is a large oval frame containing a woman sitting in a chair, holding a young child. Above this frame, the words "OUR LITTLE ONE!" are written in a decorative, arched font. The entire central scene is surrounded by intricate floral and scrollwork borders. Above the central frame, there are three smaller scenes: a man and woman with a child, a woman sitting at a table, and a room with a fireplace and a table. Below the central frame, there is a small oval containing a shoe. At the bottom, there are three more scenes: a woman holding a child, a woman sitting at a table, and a woman sitting at a table. The text "BOSTON GOULD & LINCOLN 59 WASHINGTON ST." is prominently displayed in the center of the bottom section. The bottom left corner is signed "W. L. CHAMBERLAIN DEL." and the bottom right corner is signed "MATTHEW ROBINSON SC."

Our Little One.

THE LITTLE SHOE.

LITTLE FEET.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

"Thy days, my little one, were few;
An angel's morning visit;
They came and vanished with the dew;
'Twas here — 'tis gone — where is it?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clue for love to find thee."

77264

BOSTON:
GOULD AND LINCOLN,
59, WASHINGTON STREET.
1867.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
GOULD AND LINCOLN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

ROCKWELL AND ROLLINS,
Printers and Stereotypers, Boston, Mass.



PREFACE.



MOST of the following pieces belong to the fractional currency of literature, yet they have a golden basis. No apology can be required for bringing them together, any

more than for treasuring up the mementos of our little one.

Henry Clay, after losing a young child, carried one of its worsted shoes for a long time in his bosom. Did it detract from his manliness or his eloquence?

The little shoe is peculiarly a representative article of dress. It has more expression than any other, is more nearly a part

of the dear child's own self. It brings to mind all the joyous flutter of parental hearts when the little one's first step was taken, and all the keen solicitude about a fall when the first short journey was adventured. What music in those foot-falls on the stairs, and behind grandpapa's chair! But when the young pilgrim's feet have been withdrawn from earth for a walk in Paradise, what tenderness gathers around these precious relics! The more worn they are, the dearer; every mark is a line of beauty.

Little shoes, suggesting the little feet that wore them, and the little footsteps taken, illustrate what Dr. Chalmers would call "THE POWER OF LITTLES."





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THE LITTLE SHOE.





LITTLE SHOE.



THE FIRST LITTLE PAIR.



HEY'RE very dainty little things,
With bow and buckle bright ;
And fitted to dear little feet
So soft and smooth and white ;
And all the children eager rush
To tell the wondrous news
That our baby has short clothes
And pretty little shoes.

Why is it that my timid heart
Is full of anxious fears,
And all unconsciously my eyes
Glisten with blinding tears ?

It is that up to this, my babe
Lay on a loving breast,
To which he ever eager turned
For nourishment and rest.

But, little shoes, ye bid me think
That from this very day
I send another pilgrim forth
Upon life's weary way :
Into the world of care and sin,
Its struggling and its strife,
Until his soul with Job may wish
It never had known life.

'Twas just two years ago I put
On Mary's little feet
Such shoes as these, with fond caress,
And kisses warm and sweet ;
Things just as fragile as these are,
And not a bit more stout ;
Yet she had joined the angel band
Ere they were quite worn out.

Ah ! many a mother's bitter tears
On little shoes are shed, —
Relics of household treasures gone,
Idols among the dead ;

Whether this babe reach man's estate,
Or soon his course be run,
I only ask for grace to say,
"Father, thy will be done."



TWO PLUMP, STUBBED SHOES.

WO little rough-worn, stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-trodden pair ;
With striped stockings thrust within,
Lie just beside my chair.

Of very homely fabric they, —
A hole is in each toe ;
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some fifty cents, or so.

And yet, this little worn-out pair
Is richer far to me,
Than all the jewelled sandals are
Of Eastern luxury.

This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is satin in my sight ;
These little tarnished buttons shine
With all a diamond's light.

Search through the wardrobe of the world, —
You shall not find me there
So rarely made, so richly wrought,
So glorious a pair.

And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form is morning beauty,
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh,
Her rich, whole-hearted glee ;
Her gentleness, her innocence,
And infant purity.

They tell me that her wavering steps
Will long demand my aid ;
For the old road of human life
Is very roughly laid.

High hills and swift descents abound ;
And on so rude a way,
Feet that can wear these coverings
Would surely go astray.

Sweet little girl ! be mine the task
Thy feeble steps to tend !
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,
Thy playmate and thy friend !

And when my steps shall faltering grow,
And thine be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age
In cheerful peace along.



SHOES HID AWAY.

MRS. JULIA BRANCH.



MY little boy lies sleeping. Stirless now
Are the bare feet, so quick and restless lately ;
And the blue eyes beneath his thoughtful brow
Are closed sedately.

One hand lies hid among the locks that float
In careless grace upon the yielding pillows ;
The other on his breast rides like a boat
On summer billows.

About the couch where they his waking bide
His whilom playthings lie in rare confusion ;
And underneath the shoes he thought to hide
In safe seclusion.

He calmly sleeps. The wind moans at the door,
And in the room the firelight's fitful gleaming
Makes pleasant shadows on the crimson floor : —
I sit a-dreaming.

I see afar the vail'd uncertain land,
That in the future waits his manhood's coming ;
And strive to dissipate, with love's strong hand,
Its mists benumbing.

And is he of that race of laurel'd kings,
The wearers of the purple of the poet ?
Or like the heroes whom the poet sings ?
His life will show it.

And if he be a soul from falsehood free,
 Though he should wear no laurel, sing no story,
 To bear his part with honest men shall be
 Enough of glory.



NAE SHOON.

AE shoon to hide her tiny tae,
 Nae stocking on her feet,
 Her supple ankles white as snaw,
 Like early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
 Her double, dimpled chin,
 Her puckered lips and balmy mou',
 With nae one tooth between.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
 Twa gentle liquid things ;
 Her face is like an angel's face, —
 We're glad she has no wings.

She is the budding of our love,
 A giftie God hae gie'd us ;
 We munna love the gift ow'r weel,
 'Twad be nae blessing thus.



SLIPPER-TIPS.

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

O, my lips can never tell
 Half the comfort, half the joy,
 Half the beauty that doth dwell
 In our darling, Baby Floy.
 Such a tiny, helpless mite,
 Busy only with her play :
 Yet her presence, like the light,
 Chases all our clouds away.

When the closing summer day
 Lingers with its growing gloom,
 Peopling with its shadows gray
 Every corner of the room,

Calling from the misty past
Buried hopes and joy and love,
Till the soft sky, overcast,
Frowns upon us from above—

Then she comes, the roguish sprite,
Full of tricks and laughing glee ;
Vanish all the clouds from sight,
And the heart again is free.

Cunning witch ! Look where she stands,
Balanced on her slipper-tips,
Clasping close her little hand,
Shutting tight her rose-leaf lips.

There is mischief in her eyes,
Mischief, but she charms us so ;
Music in the strange replies
Made of words she doth not know ;
Grace in every motion sweet,
Poetry in every curl,
Beauty in the dancing feet
Of our happy little girl.

Oft I marvel whence this child
Hath such sweet and holy power
To subdue our sorrows wild,
To light up the darksome hour ;

How so weak and frail a thing
 Can renew the fount of joy ;
 Why our hopes so closely cling
 To our darling, Baby Floy.



UP THE STEEP WAY.



H! little feet that out from these
 Shall step up life's steep way,
 The Lord uphold thy going forth,
 And "strength give as thy day."

Lead this young soul up steadily
 The strait and narrow road ;
 Then shall his earthly lot be peace,
 His heavenly portion God.

And when the journey ends at length
 Before the great white throne,
 He shall the Saviour's plaudit hear,
 "Oh, child beloved, well done !"

LITTLE-SHOES REFORMERS.



SOME months ago, I need not mention where,
There was a meeting in a Temperance Hall,
And many working men assembled there.

Among them sat a man well-dressed and tall,
Who listened anxiously to every word,
Until one near spoke to him, saying thus :
“ Come, William Turner, I have never heard
How that you changed so much ; so tell to us
Why you gave up the public house? Ah ! few,
I’m sure, can tell so strange a tale as you.”

Up rose William at the summons,
Glanced, confusedly, round the hall,
Cried, with voice of deep emotion,
“ The little shoes — they did it all !

“ One night, on the verge of ruin,
As I hurried from the tap,
I beheld the landlord’s baby
Sitting in it’s mother’s lap.

“‘Look here, dear father,’ said the mother,
Holding forth the little feet,
‘Look, we’ve got new shoes for darling !
Don’t you think them nice and neat?’

“Ye may judge the thing was simple —
Disbelieve me if you choose —
But, my friends, no fist e’er struck me
Such a blow as those small shoes.

“And they forced my brain to reason.
‘What right,’ said I, standing there,
‘Have I to clothe another’s children,
And to let my own go bare?’

“It was in the depth of winter ;
Bitter was the night and wild ;
And outside the flaring gin-shop
Stood my starving wife and child.

“Out I went and clutched my baby,
Saw its feet so cold and blue :
Fathers ! if the small shoes smote me,
What did those poor bare feet do ?

Quick I thrust them in my bosom :
Oh, they were so icy chill !
And their coldness like a dagger
Pierced me — I can feel it still.

“Of money I had but a trifle,
Just enough to serve my stead :
It bought shoes for little baby,
And a single loaf of bread.

“That loaf served us all the Sunday,
And I went to work next day ;
Since that time I’ve been teetotal : . .
That is all I’ve got to say.”



LITTLE SHOES AND STOCKINGS.



LITTLE shoes and stockings !

What a tale ye speak,

Of the swollen eyelid,

And the tear-wet cheek ;

Of the nightly vigil,
And the daily prayer ;
Of the buried darling,
Present everywhere !

Brightly plaided stockings
Of the finest wool ;
Rounded feet and dainty,
Each a stocking full ;
Tiny shoes of crimson,
Shoes that nevermore
Will awaken echoes
From the toy-strewn floor,—

Not the wealth of Indies,
Could your worth eclipse,
Priceless little treasures,
Pressed to whitened lips
As the mother muses,
From the world apart,
Leaning on the arrow
That has pierced her heart.

Head of flaxen ringlets,
Eyes of heavenly blue,
Parted mouth — a rosebud —
Pearls first peeping through ;

Soft arms, softly twining
Round her neck at eve :
Little shoes and stockings,
These the dreams ye weave.

Weave her yet another
Of the world of bliss ;
Let the stricken mother
Turn away from this.
Bid her dream, believing
Little feet await,
Watching for her passing
Through the pearly gate.



TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.



TWO little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying ;
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle-bed are lying :
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel like sighing !

Those little boots with copper toes !

They run the livelong day ;
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away,
So tired am I to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new-plowed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies ;
They roll it up in marbles round ;
They bake it into pies ;
And then, at night, upon the floor
In every shape it dries !

To-day I was disposed to scold ;
But when I look, to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight ;

For in a trunk up-stairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue :
If called to put those boots away,
Oh God ! what should I do ?
I mourn that there are not, to-night,
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor 'cross the way
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray ;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day !

We mothers weary get and worn
Under our load of care ;
Yet how we view our little ones
Let each of us beware ;
What would our firesides be to-night,
Were little boots not there ?



TINY BLUE SHOES.



H, those little, those little blue shoes ;
Those shoes that no little feet use !
Oh, the price were high
That those would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes !

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
 That, by God's good will,
 Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
 With a tearful pleasure,
 That dear little treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they 'mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
 And blue eyes she sees
 Look up from her knees,
With that look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
 A sweet little face
 That's a gleam in the place,
With its little golden curls of hair.

Then, oh wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes the fond tears start.



TWO LITTLE TRODDEN SHOES.

E. LYNN.

TWO little busy hands patting on the window ;
Two laughing, bright eyes looking out at me ;
Two rosy cheeks dented with a dimple :
Mother-bird is coming ; baby, do you see ?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree ;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of ribbon
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself, as mothers will,
Spoke I softly, " God in heaven,
Keep my darling free from ill :

Worldly gain and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from thee ;
But from want and sin and sorrow
Keep her ever pure and free."

Two little waxen hands
Folded soft and silently ;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me ;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore ;
Two little trodden shoes
That will never touch the floor.

Shoulder-ribbon, softly twisted ;
Apron, folded clean and white ;
These are left me, and these only,
Of the childish presenee bright.

Thus he sent an answer to my earnest praying,
Thus he keeps my darling free from earthly stain,
Thus he folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying ;
But I miss her sadly from the window pane —
Till I look above it ; then, with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no more the lilac-bush to pass ;
For I see her, angel, pure and white and sinless,
Walking with the harpers by the sea of glass.

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro ;
Two tiny, childish hands
Beckon still to me below ;
Two tender, angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly :
Through the loopholes of the stars
Baby's looking out for me.

A HALF-WORN PAIR.

NLY four—just four short years
Since she came to me,
Nestling in my heart and arms,
Oh, so tenderly !
Now the rain falls on her grave,
Sighing wearily.

Only four—how I listened
For her busy feet,
Pattering softly down the stair,
“Papa home” to meet :
Never to a mother's heart
Was a sound more sweet.

Only four—my precious girl,
With her honest eyes
Always looking into mine
With a sweet surprise ;
Now with faded autumn leaves
Little Bessie lies.

Little Bessie, just beginning,
In a winsome way,
To repeat her "Now I lay me,"
At the close of day :
Tears come faster than the words
When I kneel to pray.

Only these,—an empty crib,
And a vacant chair,
With a half-worn pair of shoes,
And a curl of hair
Golden with the sunshine falling
On her head so fair.

Only these are left me now,
And the house is still ;
Everything seems asking for her ;
And my heart so chill
Asks for Bessie, never thinking
Of our Father's will ;

Quite forgetting that the angels
 Took her home to God, —
 Only Bessie's body resting
 Under the brown sod.
 Help me now in my great sorrow,
 Christ, to kiss thy rod!



THE HALF-WORN SHOE.



WHO says it is all valueless,
 A little half-worn shoe?
 Or some torn garment, just replaced
 By something bright or new?

There is a secret, sacred place,
 Baptized by tears and sighs,
 Where little' half-worn clothes are kept
 From cold, unfeeling eyes.

The impress of a little foot,
 How can it be so dear?
 How can a little half-worn shoe
 Call forth a sigh or tear?

'Tis more than dear—'tis eloquent
Of grace and beauty fled ;
It wakes the sound of little feet,
Sweet sound forever fled.

It whispers to the mother's ear
A tale of fondest love ;
It tells her that the little feet
Now tread the fields above.

Oft has she bathed it with her tears,
Oft kissed it o'er and o'er ;
If it were filled with costly gems,
She could not prize it more.



THE SHOE SOILED AND TORN.



NLY a picture—and is that all?

Only a picture upon the wall?

The smile so beaming, the cheek so bright,

The eye so dancing with sunny light,

I almost fancy my baby boy
Is springing to me in his pride and joy ;
But 'tis only a picture upon the wall,
A silent picture—and that is all.

Only a lock of silken hair
Lying alone in its casket there !
Where is the head that, in sportive glee,
Was wont to toss it so careless and free ?
The baby head that upon my breast
So lovingly nestled each night to rest ?
Only a lock of its silken hair
Is lying alone in its casket there.

Only a shoe that is soiled and torn !
But where is the foot that that shoe has worn, —
The darling foot, so dimpled and small,
That made music so merry in chamber and hall ?
Oh ! to catch of that little step one sound,
How wildly now would my pulses bound !
But there's only a shoe that is soiled and torn ;
The foot comes no more that that shoe has worn.

Only these relics—and nothing more ?
Can naught to our arms the lost restore ?
Must we hopeless yearn as the years go by,
For the bounding step and the beaming eye ?

And for all that beauty, life, and grace,
So fondly cherished, retain no trace
Save these silent relies? Oh, nevermore
Will the grave to our arms the lost restore !

Oh, woe for love, when, from all its store,
It points to these tokens, and nothing more !
When the vacant hall and silent stair
But echo the groans of its wild despair ;
And from all the voices in earth and sky
Comes back no word to its wailing cry
Save the mournful echo, " Oh, nevermore
Will the grave to our arms the lost restore ! "

Oh, joy for love, when it yearns no more
For that which the grave cannot restore !
When it upward stretches its drooping wings,
And, in darkness and sorrow, still sweetly sings
Of the brightness and bliss of that better home
Where the lost are found, and no partings come.
Oh, joy for love, when its priceless store
There safely is garnered for evermore.

THE WORN-OUT SHOE.



FOUND it here, a worn-out shoe,
All mildewed with time, and wet with dew.
'Tis a little thing ; ye would pass it by
With never a thought or a word or a sigh ;
Yet it stirs in my spirit a hidden well,
And, in eloquent tones, of the past doth tell.

It tells of a little fairy child
That bound my heart with a magic wild ;
Of bright blue eyes, and golden hair,
That ever shed joy and sunlight there ;
Of a prattling voice so sweet and clear,
And the tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells us of hopes that with her had birth,
Deep buried now in the silent earth ;
Of the heart that had met an answering tone,
That again is left alone — alone !
Of days of watching and anxious prayer ;
Of a night of sorrow and dark despair.

It tells of a form that is cold and still ;
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,
That is dearer far to a mother's heart
Than the classic statues of Grecian art ;
Ah ! strangers may pass with a careless air,
Nor dream of the hopes that are buried there.

Oh, ye who have never o'er loved ones wept,
Whose brightest hopes have never been swept
Like the pure white cloud from the summer sky,
Like the wreath of mist from the mountain high,
Like the rainbow beaming a moment here,
Then melting away to its native sphere,

Like rose-leaves, loosed by the zephyr's sigh,
Like the zephyr wafting its perfume by,
Like the wave that kisses some graceful spot,
Then passes away, yet is ne'er forgot !
If, like these, your life-hopes have never fled,
Ye cannot know of the tears I shed.

Ye cannot know what a little thing
From memory's silent fount can bring
The voice and form that were once so dear ;
Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
That could feel with me, when, all wet with dew,
I found it this morning — this little shoe.

WITH KNOTTED STRINGS.

HELEN MAR.



WO little shoes with knotted strings
With tears aside were laid,
And for the form they used to bear
A little grave was made —
Made for our baby-love, our pride :
We murmured at its fate,
And could not think it best it died,
And left us desolate ;
Grieving because small feet no more
Would patter soft about the floor.

Two little shoes, tear-gemmed, the first
In which my precious trod ;
For the small feet soon tired of play,
And wandered back to God.
But in her pure, clear-sighted eyes
Heaven was not very far ;
So short her stay from Paradise,
The gate was still ajar :
So we the quiet feet undressed,
And laid them side by side to rest.

LITTLE SHOES EMPTY.



GOD bless the little feet that never go astray,
For the little shoes are, empty, in my closet laid away.
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting, 'till I
see,

It is a little half-worn shoe, not large enough for me ;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

Oh, little feet that wearied not ! I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, while they have reached the
shore ;

And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes so
old,

I try to think my darlings' feet are treading streets of gold ;
And so I lay them down again, but always turn to say,
God bless the little feet that now, so surely, cannot stray !

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
Two little forms beside me, just as they used to be ;

Two little faces lifted, with their sweet and tender eyes, —
 Ah me ! I might have known that look was born of Paradise !

I reach my arms out fondly, but they elasp the empty air :
 There is nothing of my darlings but the shoes they used to wear.

Oh ! the bitterness of parting cannot be done away,
 Till I meet my darlings walking where their feet can never stray ;

When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,
 But with them safely landed upon the river-side.
 Be patient, heart, while waiting to see their shining way !
 For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray.



LITTLE GAITERS IDLE.

J. H. MACNAUGHTON.



H, the weary, solemn silence
 Of a house without the children !
 Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness
 Where the children come no more !

Ah ! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children ;
Ah ! the longing for their faces
Peeping through the opening door, —
Faces gone for evermore !

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing :
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning ;
And the gaiters — ah ! their patter,
We will hear it nevermore
On our mirth-forsaken floor !

What is home without the children ?
'Tis the earth without the verdure,
And the sky without the sunshine :
Life is withered to the core !
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have " gone before,"
With the Shepherd evermore !

Oh, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children !
Oh, the strange oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more !
Ah ! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children ;
Ah ! the longing for their faces
Peeping through the opening door, —
Faces gone for evermore !



LITTLE PILGRIMS' SANDALS.

HE way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance strait ;
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate !

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow path so fair ;
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song ;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble
When the shadows night foretell ;
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.



HIS SANDALS UNSOILED.

J. R. LOWELL.



HE did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening to their fairy chime ;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale.

He did but float a little way,
And, putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more ;
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel ;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more :
Oh, stern word—Nevermore !

Full short his journey was ; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave ;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God :
Oh, blest word — Evermore !

HEAVENLY SANDALS.

FRANK W. BALLARD.



HE is not dead,
 But sleeps ;
 Beside her cradle-bed
 My memory keeps
 The vigil sad.

Awake, my child,
 Awake !
 'Tis long since thou hast smiled :
 My heart will break,
 Unless beguiled !

No voice replies ;
 Those lips
 Naught echo to my cries :
 In life's eclipse
 She silent lies.

That brow so cold, —
 Those eyes
 No more my face behold :
 Alas ! she lies
 Within Death's fold.

She dwells with God :
Her feet,
With heavenly sandals shod,
Traverse the street
By angels trod.

Then let her sleep ;
Her dreams
Are bliss. Dear Saviour, keep
Near Eden's streams
The lamb we weep.



LITTLE BABY SHOES.



ANOTHER little form asleep,
And a spirit gone ;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet are on the way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair ;
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear ;
The little grave in the shady nook,
Where the flowers love to grow ;
And these are all of the hope
That came three years ago.

The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them ;
But never again will the little lips
To their song of love reply ;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high.



LITTLE FEET.



LITTLE FEET.



LITTLE DANCING FEET.

MRS. F. D. GAGE.



WID you ever see our baby, —

Little Tot, —

With her eyes so sparkling bright,

And her skin so lily white,

Lips and cheeks of rosy light?

Tell you what,

She is just the sweetest baby

In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling ;

And, to me,

All her little ways are witty ;

And when she sings her little ditty,

Every word is just as pretty
As can be :
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so? — never saw her !
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a-chattering,
Little dancing feet come pattering :
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do —
If you could !

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing
As my rose.
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close.

DIMPLED FEET.



WINSOME Baby Bunn !

Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,

Not the softest, faintest glow

Of the sunset on the snow,

Is more beautiful and sweet

Than the wee pink hands and feet

Of the little Baby Bunn, —

Winsome Baby Bunn ! .

Feet like these may lose the way,

Wandering blindly from the right.

Pray, — and sometimes will your prayers

Be to him like golden stairs

Built through darkness into light.

Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,

In her silken stockings dressed !

Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,

Hidden like rose-leaves in your breast !

These will grasp at jewels rare

But to find the empty air ;

Those shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!

Pray, mother, pray!



TWO MORE LITTLE FEET.



ANOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save;
Amid the toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road,
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes;
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again :
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.



TWO TINY FEET.

C. K. SARGENT.



TWO little bright blue eyes
Looking into mine ;
Two little dimpled arms
Round my neck do twine ;
Two little ruby lips
Close to mine are pressed ;
Dear little baby form
Clasped unto my breast !

Two little tiny feet,
Now away they run ;
Curls of little golden thread
Glisten in the sun ;

Happy days of childhood,
 Free from care or strife :
 May God's brightest sunlight
 Shine through baby's life !

Precious tiny fairy,
 Sent me from above ;
 Queen within the castle
 Of mother's heart of love !
 Oh, my little treasure !
 Of myself a part :
 Baby's throne, and what she rules,
 Is her mother's heart.



MISSION OF LITTLE FEET.

 DREARY place would be this earth
 Were there no little people in it ;
 The song of life would lose its mirth
 Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms like buds to grow,
 And make the admiring heart surrender ;
 No little hands on breast and brow
 To keep the thrilling love-cords tender ;

No babe within our arms to leap ;
No little feet towards slumber tending ;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips to theirs the sweet words lending.

What would the ladies do for work
Were there no pants or jackets tearing ;
No tiny dresses to embroider ;
No cradle for their watchful caring ;

No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting ;
No merry shouts as home they rush ;
No precious morsel for their tasting ?

Tall, grave, grown people at the door ;
Tall, grave, grown people at the table ;
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman ;
And men to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm
 Were there no babies to begin it;
 A doleful place this world would be
 Were there no little people in it.



FRISKING FEET.

JOANNA BAILLIE.



HOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
 And eurlly pate, and merry eye,
 And arm and shoulder round and sleek
 And soft and fair, thou urchin sly?

What boots it who, with sweet earesses,
 First called thee his, — or squire or hind, —
 Since thou in every wight that passes
 Dost now a friendly playmate find?

Thy downeast glanees, grave but eunning,
 As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
 Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
 Is infantine coquetry all.

But far afield thou hast not flown ;
 With mocks and threats, half lisped, half spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
 Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
 A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
 Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
 And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure ;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
 To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
 Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
 The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be ;—through weal and woe
 'Thou know'st not now thy future range ;
Life is a motley, shifting show,
 And thou a thing of hope and change

RESTLESS FEET.

MRS. FANNIE POWER.



GLEESOME, blithesome, bonnie boy !

Precious household treasure !

Lightly trip thy restless feet

To a joyful measure ;

Thrills thy happy little heart

With exultant pleasure.

All day long thy silvery voice

Like a streamlet flows ;

Through the hours, at twilight dim,

Cradled for repose,

The blue-veiled, drooping eyelids,

Sealed with kisses, close.

Sheltered in the fond embrace

Of a mother's arms,

Naught cares he for night or shadow ;

Storms bring no alarms :

Well he knoweth who will keep him

Safe from ills or harms.

Would I had thy faith, my darling,
 When, with care oppressed,
 Weary, faint, to lay my head
 On His loving breast ;
 To seek my refuge in the arms
 Of everlasting Rest.

Oh ! to cling, as thou art clinging,
 When the shadows deep
 Silently around my pathway,
 Like weird phantoms, creep,
 Closer to the Heart which " giveth
 His beloved sleep."



OH, LITTLE FEET !



H, little feet, that such long years
 Must wander on through doubts and fears,
 Must ache and bleed beneath your load !
 I, nearer to the wayside inn
 Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
 Am weary, thinking of your road.

Oh, little hands, that, weak or strong,
 Have still to serve or rule so long,
 Have still so long to give or ask !
 I, who so much, with book and pen,
 Have toiled among my fellow-men,
 Am weary, thinking of your task.

Oh, little hearts, that throb and beat
 With such impatient, feverish heat,
 Such limitless and strong desires !
 Mine, that so long has glowed and burned
 With passions into ashes turned,
 Now covers and conceals its fires.



DEAR LITTLE FEET.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



HAT are you good for, my brave little man?
 Answer that question for me, if you can, —
 You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
 You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.

All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving ;
See if your wise little noddle can tell,
What are you good for? now ponder it well."

Over the carpet, the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat ;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me ;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace ;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true, —
"Good to love you, mamma — good to love you."



UNPRACTICED FEET.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



Alas, cease thy tears and sobs, my little life !
I did but snatch away the unclasped knife :
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry.

Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
Tutor'd by pain each source of pain to know !
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire ;
Alike the good, the ill, offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright :
Untaught, yet wise ! 'mid all thy brief alarms
'Thou closely clingest to thy mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest.
Man's breathing miniature ! thou mak'st me sigh ;
A babe art thou, and such a thing am I :
To anger rapid, and as soon appeased ;
For trifles mourning and for trifles pleased ;
Break Friendship's mirror with a techy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow.
Oh thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith ! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy !

A ROW OF LITTLE FEET.



ROW of little faces by the bed,
A row of little hands upon the spread,
A row of little roguish eyes all closed,
A row of little naked feet exposed !

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways ;
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide
The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group serene ;
Instead of odor in a censer swung,
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

Then, tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheet they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
 They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
 And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
 And stolen graces all their ways adorn.



GUIDING WAYWARD FEET.



STAY not for grand endeavor
 Worthy a martyr's need,
 While in vain the Master proffers
 The trust, his lambs to feed.
 It may be thy share of service
 His purpose to complete,
 If steadfastly thou guidest
 Those little wayward feet.

One little footstep passing
 The path that Jesus trod;
 One little spirit resting
 In loving faith on God;
 One little life more earnest,
 More hopeful, and more pure, —
 And in an angel's record
 Thy lifework shall endure.

WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.



MOTHER! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost:
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay;
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same messengers may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prating, eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child;

Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken :
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in the Saviour's name.

Mother ! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you ;
Wholesome lessons now impart ;
Keep, oh keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed :
Harvest rich you thus may see
Ripening for eternity.



FEET BY THE SEA-SIDE.

GEORGE CRABBE.

 AND now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea.
Now arm-in-arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled.

The timid girls, half-dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine
And search for crimson weeds, which, spreading, flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below,
With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
And those live-lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by :
Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlor fire, —
Tokens of bliss !



LITTLE FEET STILL.

JULIE LEONARD.

 LITTLE stars are shining
In the evening sky ;
 Little hearts are praying
To the God on high ;

Little tongues are saying
Holy songs of praise,
Seeking to be strengthened
In all holy ways.

Little hands are folded
Meekly on each breast,
Asking for a blessing
Ere they go to rest.

Little eyes are sleeping,
Little feet are still ;
But God's angels watch o'er all
Who have done his will.



PATTER, PATTER, LITTLE FEET.

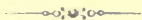
ITTLE feet, so glad and gay,
Making music all the day ;
Tripping merrily along,
Filling all my heart with song ;
Well I love your music sweet :
Patter, patter, little feet.

Sometimes anxious, I would know
Just what way these feet must go ;

Praying oft that all be fair,
No thorns, no roughness anywhere ;
That flowers may spring their steps to greet :
Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod
Through thorns and briers the nearer God ;
Though weak in faith, still I would dare
To offer up the earnest prayer
That Christ would choose whate'er is meet :
Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands to-night,
And kiss them with a new delight,
Believing that, where'er they go,
My tender Lord will lead them so
They'll walk, at length, the golden street :
Patter, patter, little feet.



LITTLE WANDERER'S FEET.

ITTLE weary, restless feet
Pattering through the dusty street,
Wandering daily up and down
Through the wide and desert town ;

All the long, slow-dropping hours,
Never once have trod on flowers ;
Never daisy in the grass
Smiles to greet you as you pass !

Little fingers, blue and cold,
Peeping from your mantle old !
What ! never picked a buttercup,
Nor held a dewy rose-bud up,
Nor plucked wild flowers, 'mid summer air,
To twine amid the curling hair
That hangs with tangled, careless grace
Around that wild and elfin face !

Eyes too large and deep and wild
For a happy, careless child :
Oft your lids with tears are wet ;
Strange, sad sights your gaze have met ;
Want and woe and pain and sin,
All, to you, familiar been ;
But ne'er yet, in grove or bower,
Dawned on your sight a little flower !

Little heart, so wild and shy,
Trembling, beating fast and high,
Thou, too, doubtless, hast a part —
Little wild-flower that thou art —

In the tender Gardener's care,
Whose sweet buds the children are ;
Who his sweetness garners up
In the child's heart and lily's cup.



POOR LITTLE FEET.



POOR little feet on the pavement bare ;
Sad little face grown hardened with care ;
Scanty the clothing around the wee form
Searching for bread in this pitiless storm !

Coldly we speak to the wandering thing,
Scarring the tender young heart by our sting, —
Poor little heart that is yearning to be
Caressed like the darling clinging to me.

Think ye, when Jesus was here among men,
And he took up the little ones brought to him then,
And blessed them with love far better than gold,
The poor and the homeless did he not enfold ?

Ah, poor little child ! unloved but by him,
Good angels defend thee,—Christ shrive us our sin,—
Far better for us, than add sorrow to thee,
To be helplessly cast in the midst of the sea.



WITH NIMBLE FEET.



HEarken, little one !

Lo ! a voice is calling thee

From the blue of morning skies ;

Hear it, and the glory see

Beaming for thy lifted eyes.

Courage, little one !

Not a tear thine eyes should dim,

Not a fear give wild alarms ;

Jesus bids you come to him ;

Now he waits with open arms.

Hasten, little one !

Run to him with nimble feet,

Go, and feel his soft caress ;

Warm the welcome thou shalt meet ;

See ! he lifts his hands to bless.

Trust him, little one !
 He will never leave his own,
 Never let them suffer harm ;
 All the way to him is known ;
 Strong is his encircling arm !

Love him, little one !
 He will fold thee to his breast,
 Love thee with a tender love ;
 He will give thee blissful rest
 In his shining home above.

THREE PAIRS OF FEET.

HREE little forms, in the twilight gray,
 Scanning the shadows across the way ;
 Six little eyes, four black and two blue,
 Brimful of love and happiness too,
 Watching for 'pa.

May, with her placid and thoughtful brow,
 Gentle face beaming with smiles just now ;
 Willie, the rogue, so loving and gay,
 Stealing sly kisses from sister May, —
 Watching for 'pa.

Nelly, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Wishing the absent-one home again, —
Watching for 'pa.

Oh, how they gaze at the passers-by !
“ He's coming at last ! ” they gayly cry ;
“ Try again, my pets ! ” exclaims mamma ;
And Nellie adds, “ There's the twilight star
Watching for 'pa.”

Jack nods and smiles, as, with busy feet,
He lights the lamps of their quiet street ;
That sweet little group he knows full well, —
May and Willie, with golden-haired Nell, —
Watching for 'pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window-seat,
And eager patter of childish feet,
Gay musical chimes ring through the hall !
A manly voice responds to the call,
“ WELCOME, PAPA.”

MUSIC OF LITTLE FEET.

ASHTON CURRIER.



HERE'S a musical sound,
I hear it oft,
Low and soft,
Following me around.
Is't the rain
On the pane,
Or dropping on the ground,
That I hear
Low and near?
Ah, no — far, far more sweet!
Here and there,
On the stair,
Comes the sound of little feet;
'Mid the gloom
Of my room,
Cheerily my ear they greet.
Bonnie Annie!
Sweet and canny!
Peeping in with sunny face,
Opes the door,
Walks the floor,

In her most unconscious grace ;
While her feet
Music sweet
Echoing send throughout the place.
So her footsteps once did fall,
Patter, patter,
With sweet clatter,
Through the house and through the hall ;
Till, one day,
She went away
To be laid beneath the sod ;
But her feet
Made music sweet
Up the shining way to God.



PATTER OF LITTLE FEET.

MRS. GEN. LEWIS WALLACE.



P with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he lies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes.

Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

This child is our speaking picture ;
A birdling that chatters and sings ;
Sometimes a sleeping cherub, —
Our other one had wings.
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that is cunning and sweet ;
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follow his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal
I see the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel,
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light,

And hear, amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven,
The patter of little feet.



PATTERING FEET NOW STILL.



DID you ever see her,
The little fairy sprite
Who came glancing through our household
Like a ray of golden light?
Whose little feet kept dancing,
Never weary, until eve
Threw its purple shadows o'er us,
And her good-night kiss she gave?

Did you ever see her,
With her floating curls of brown,
As she gladly ran to meet us
Coming from the distant down?

As she greeted us with kisses,
'Twas the sweetest welcome home
To hear her bird-voice lisping,
“ Oh, I'm so glad you've come ! ”

Did you ever see her,
With her eyes of azure blue?
They were sometimes filled with tear-drops,
Like a violet with dew ;
Oftener they were laughing, dancing,
Shining, twinkling, bright with joy,
As she told some pretty story
Of her kitten or a toy.

And you did not see her
When her pattering feet were still ;
When the little hands were folded,
Not by their sweet owner's will ;
When the eyes were closed so gently,
And the curls of soft brown hair
By the hands of friends were parted
From her forehead pure and fair ?

And you did not see her
When they shut the coffin-lid,
And our little fairy darling
From our sight forever hid ?

With her going went our sunlight,
From our home 'tis ever gone :
May we say, with truth and calmness,
“Not my will, but thine, be done !”



VIOLETS AT HER FEET.

R. H. STODDARD.



V'E lost my little May at last !
She perished in the spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
And earliest birds to sing :
I laid her in a country grave,
A rural, soft retreat ;
A marble tablet at her head,
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,
In all her childish bloom :
My joy and hope have followed her,
My heart is in the tomb !

I know that she is gone away,
I know that she is fled ;
I miss her everywhere, and yet
I cannot make her dead !

I wake the children up at dawn,
And say a simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal ;
But one is wanting there !
I see a little chair apart,
A little pinafore,
And memory fills the vacancy,
As time will — never more !

I sit within my room and write,
The lone and weary hours,
And miss the little maid again
Among the window flowers ;
And miss her with the toys beside
My desk, in silent play ;
And then I turn and look for her,
But she has flown away.

I drop my idle pen and hark,
And catch the faintest sound ;
She must be playing hide-and-seek
In shady nooks around :

She'll come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulder o'er ;
I hear a stifled laugh, — but no,
She cometh never more !

I waited only yesternight,
The evening service read,
And lingered for my idol's kiss,
Before she went to bed ;
Forgetting she had gone before,
In slumbers soft and sweet ;
A monument above her head,
And violets at her feet !



FEET UPON MY KNEE.



HEAR a shout of merriment,
A laughing boy I see ;
Two little feet the carpet press,
And bring the child to me ;

Two little arms are round my neck,
Two feet upon my knee :
How fall the kisses on my cheek !
How sweet they are to me !

That merry shout no more I hear ;
No laughing child I see ;
No little arms are round my neck,
Nor feet upon my knee !
No kisses drop upon my cheek ;
Those lips are sealed to me.
Dear Lord, how could I give him up
To any but to thee !



FEET ON THE FENDER.



IN my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped on the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mould ;

Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth
Throughout all the livelong evening,
In measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three slight shadows
That frescoed that rude old room ;
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafter's gloom ;
Because of the feet on the fender, —
Six restless, white little feet, —
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh ! where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane ?
While bits of firelight, stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness
In threads of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary, dismal day ;
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving them there by the way.

There was fresh clay on the fender,
That weary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the brown hill's height.

Oh! why on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue,
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that would dampen
A sister's tireless love?



LITTLE PILGRIMS' FEET.



LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest ; —

There, to welcome, Jesus waits ;
Gives the crowns his followers win :
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
Let the little travellers in !

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view ?
" I from Greenland's frozen land ; "
" I from India's sultry plain ; "
" I from Afric's burning sand ; "
" I from islands of the main."

All our earthly journeys past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portals of the sky,
Each the welcome " come " awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin :
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
Let the little travellers in !

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.





LITTLE FOOTSTEPS.

FIRST FOOTSTEPS.



WONDROUS venture it must be,
My trembling little one, for thee
To trust thy feeble feet
Upon this hard old earth of ours ;
And thou hast summoned all thy powers
The mighty task to meet.

There's caution in that look of thine,
And in the hand that clings to mine
With clasp so keen and small ;
Yet thou wilt learn to jump and run
Through the green meadows in the sun,
And never fear a fall.

These are thy first faint steps in life,
And though they seem with danger rife,
The peril is not there,
But in thy after-goings, child ;
For, oh, this world is wide and wild,
And much more false and fair !

I cannot tell what stranger shore
These timid feet may journey o'er,
What desert bleak and broad ;
But I can truly hope and pray
That thou may'st walk in wisdom's way,
And humbly with thy God.



GOING ALONE.



WITH curls in the sunny air tossing ;
With light in the merry blue eyes ;
With laughter so clearly outringing,
A laugh of delight and surprise ;
All friendly assistance disdaining,
And trusting no strength but its own ;
The past fears and trials forgotten, —
The baby is going alone.

What woful mishaps have preceded

 This day of rejoicing and pride !

How often the help that he needed

 Has carelessly gone from his side !

He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,

 Which, just as he grasped them, have flown ;

And the tears of vexation have followed ;

 But now he is going alone.

And all through his life he will study

 This lesson again and again :

He will carelessly lean upon shadows ;

 He will fall and weep over the pain.

The hand whose fond clasp was the surest

 Will coldly withdraw from his own ;

The sunniest eye will be clouded,

 And he will be walking alone.

He will learn what a stern world we live in ;

 And he may grow cold like the rest,

Just keeping a warm sunny welcome

 For those who seem truest and best ;

Yet, chastened and taught by past sorrow,

 And stronger and manlier grown,

Nor trusting his all in their keeping,

 He learns to walk bravely alone.

And yet not alone, for our Father
 The faltering footsteps will guide
 Through all the dark mazes of earth-life,
 And over the river's deep tide.
 Oh ! here is a Helper unfailing,
 A strength we can perfectly trust,
 When, all human aid unavailing,
 "The dust shall return unto dust."



ON HER TOES.

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.



YOU'D better believe she is pretty,
 Our baby, our beautiful girl !
 With her eyes full of innocent mischief ;
 With her hair just beginning to curl ;
 With her tiny feet constantly tripping,
 For she is just learning to walk ;
 With her lips full of musical prattle,
 For she is just learning to talk.

I watch her sometimes at the window ;
She stands on the tips of her toes ;
Outside you can see her eyes sparkle,
And the end of her little pug nose.
She mimics the dog's solemn bow-wow ;
She catches up every light word ;
She mews, and she crows, and she whistles
As shrill as a wild forest-bird.

Only just a year old is our baby ;
So pure and so happy is she,
That we long to enchant her and keep her
Forever as young and as free.
But we might as well prison the sunshine,
Or stay the sweet growth of the flowers,
Or bind up the spray of the fountain,
Or fetter the swift-flying hours.

God gave her, our beautiful baby !
He made her so sweet and so pure ;
He gave her the undying spirit
That will to all ages endure.
God keep her ! May Israel's Shepherd,
Who carries the lambs in his breast,
Be near her in joy and in sorrow,
And guide her safe home to his rest.

LEARNING TO WALK.



ONLY beginning the journey ;

Many a mile to go :

Little feet, how they patter,

Wandering to and fro.

Trying again so bravely ;

Laughing in baby glee ;

Hiding its face in mother's lap :

Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language

Ever before was heard ;

But mother — you'll hardly think so —

Understands every word.

Tottering now and falling ;

Eyes that are going to cry :

Kisses and plenty of love-words ;

Willing again to try.

Father of all, oh guide them,

The pattering little feet,

While they are treading the up-hill road,

Braving the dust and heat !

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways blest ;
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, oh give them rest !



DEAR FOOTSTEPS.

EDWARD P. NOWELL.

HIERUBS of this world of changes,
Sweetly budding charms of time ;
Love's true alchemists of gladness,
Turning tasks to golden rhyme !
Music like the brooklet's babble
Round the shining stepping-stones,
Your dear footsteps' soothing patter
Mingles with your gleeful tones.

Rays of brighter realms beam ever
In the homes where children dwell,
Lighting up the genial hearth-stones
With a joy no heart can tell !

Oh! these babes of blessing lead us
 By the hand to hallowed scenes,
 Even as our Saviour taught them;
 And we're blest by these mild means.

Heavenly Father, teach our conscience
 Well to weigh thy gifts of grace,
 That our feet may falter never,
 While we haste to seek thy face:
 With these dear and guileless children,
 Walking trustful at our side,
 Lead us, Lord, the way of wisdom,
 Up to where thou dost abide.



FAIRY FOOTSTEPS.



HE comes with fairy footsteps;
 Softly the echoes fall;
 And her shadow plays like a summer shade
 Across the garden wall.
 The golden light is dancing bright
 'Mid the mazes of her hair,
 And her fair young locks are waving free
 To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportive fawn she boundeth
So gleefully along ;
As the wild young bird she carolleth
The burden of her song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

She comes, the spirit of our childhood,
A thing of mortal birth,
Yet breathing still a breath of heaven,
To redeem her from the earth ;
She comes in bright-robed innocence,
Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And passeth by our wayward path,
A gleam of angel light.

Oh, blessed things are children !
The gift of heavenly love !
They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
And better things above ;
They link us with the spirit-world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of their youth.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.



MISS them now — those little feet
That used to come so oft ;
The little voice that used to speak
So sweet, so silvery soft.

And now, when I am all alone,
Engrossed in daily cares,
I listen — but it's all in vain —
For the “footsteps on the stairs.”

For when I read or sing or play,
Or join in pleasures sweet,
I seem to see her glad and gay,
And I miss those little feet.
Oh, it is hard to think she's gone,
With all her winning airs !
To think I never more shall hear
Her “footsteps on the stairs.”

The golden curls still cluster round
That brow so white and clear ;
And on her face so pale and cold,
I've shed full many a tear.

The lids have drooped o'er those blue eyes ;
 Death's icy seal is theirs :
 'Tis he that hath forever hushed
 Those " footsteps on the stairs."

I know her feet are walking now
 The shining streets of heaven ;
 I know that to that dear one's brow
 A golden crown is given :
 I'm thankful that she is at rest,
 Safe from earth's sinful snares ;
 Yet still I weep, and pause to hear
 The " footsteps on the stairs."

LITTLE SHORT STEPS.

T. B. ALDRICH.



H, where is our dainty, our darling,
 The daintiest darling of all ?
 Where is the voice on the stairway ?
 Where is the voice in the hall ?

The little short steps in the entry,
 The silvery laugh in the hall?
 Where is our dainty, our darling,
 The daintiest darling of all, —
 Little Maud?

The peaches are ripe in the orchard,
 The apricots ready to fall;
 And the grapes reach up to the sunshine
 Over the garden-wall.
 Oh, rose-bud of women! where are you?
 (She never replies to our call!)
 Where is our dainty, our darling,
 The daintiest darling of all, —
 Little Maud?



SILVERY FOOTFALLS.



FROM the group of little faces

One is gone :

In the old familiar places,

Sad and lone,

Father, mother, meek-eyed brother,

Sit and moan ;

Sit and moan for one departed,
Pure and mild,
Little Mary, gentle-hearted,
Sinless child ;
And, as nestling memories thicken,
Griefs grow wild.

Home once bright, how cold and dreary !
Shadows deep
Fall on forms and hearts a-weary,
Eyes that weep ;
Thought is in the church-yard, seeking
One asleep.

Still the merry laugh, deceiving,
Fills the ear ;
Tiny arms, yet fondly cleaving,
Dry the tear ;
Footfalls, silvery footfalls patter
Far and near.

Ears instinctive pause to hearken,
All in vain ;
Days drag on, and skies shall darken
O'er with pain ;
But the heart will find its lost one
Ne'er again.

From the treasured fire-side faces
Here to-day,
From the tender, warm embraces
Dropped away,
Sleeps she midst forgotten sleepers
In the clay.

Ah ! what weary numbers sighing
To be free,
Little Mary ; would be lying
Low with thee,
Where no care nor eating sorrow
Ere shall be.

Weep not when ye tell the story
Of the dead ;
'Tis a sunbeam joined the glory
Overhead,
“For of such sweet babes is heaven,”
Jesus said.

THE FOOTFALL NOT THERE.

JOHN PIERPONT.



I CANNOT make him dead !
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes ; — he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that — he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair ;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid ;—
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To him who gave my boy ;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there ! Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear ;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked ; — he is not there !

He lives ! In all the past
He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
In dreams I see him now,
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, “ Thou shalt see me there ! ”

Yes, we all live to God !
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
’Twill be our heaven to find that — he is there !

TREADING THE GOLDEN STREETS.

BERTHA CARROL.



ONE vacant chair beside the hearth,
One happy circle riven,
One angel more in Paradise,
One other voice in heaven.

Two little feet along our street
Are missing morn and even ;
But happily they tread to-day
The golden streets of heaven.

The childish hand has slipped from thine,
So closely clasped in praying ;
God's holy fingers now entwine
And keep thy loved from straying.

Her simple heart shall know no sin,
Her eyes behold no sorrow ;
God keepeth her, thy innocent,
To meet thee on the morrow.



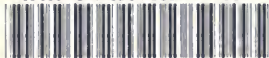






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